

Lines

by The Storyologist

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Summary: A poem inspired by John Powell's brilliant score "Forbidden Friendship", and the amazing symbolism of the sand drawing scene in the movie.

Lines

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I walk these lines of routine fear,
The common path my past holds dear.
But in my quest for peace and truth,
I found myself across from you.
I let my shield fall to the ground,
I've let all my defensives down.
The miles between your eyes and mine.
Shrink and space, dissolve in time.
My history tells a tale of weakness,
A knife in hand, no sign of meekness.
And you suspect a stubborn will,
A thirst for blood, a drive to kill.
I walk these lines of routine doubt,
But you and I have common ground.

Defying fate, embracing destiny,
These lines show what is meant to be.
I'll finish what I have begun,
Till the journey's o'er, the battle's won.
I'll walk these lines, my strength anew;
I'll slowly make my way to you.
When outstretched hands receive no touch,
Doubts arise and dreams are crushed.
To lonely rock I soon resign,
And in the sand, I draw my lines.
A maze to truth before me lies.
I must proceed; I have to try.
Before my eyes, lines in the dust;
A narrow path to earn your trust.
I'll finish what I have begun,
Till the journey's o'er, the battle's won.
I'll walk these lines, the lines you drew,
And slowly make my way to you.
I take one step: the wrong direction,
I step again, and clear this section.
As you observe and I progress,
Our steps are simultaneous.
A web of my own foolish weaving;
A brand new hope, in faith believing.
And step by step a cross this space,
To greet my purpose, face to face.
I'll meet you on the other side,
Reach out my hand, and close my eyes
A breath unleashed, a gentle touch;
A line has formed, connecting us.

I've finished what I have begun.

The journey o'er, the battle won.

In our endless quest for peace and truth,

I find myself standing next to you.

End
file.